

No one cares less than I,  
Nobody knows but God,  
Whether I am destined to lie  
Under a foreign clod '  
Were the words I made to the  
bugle call in the morning.

But laughing, storming, scorning,  
Only the bugles know  
What the bugles say in the morning,  
And they do not care, when they blow  
The call I heard + made words  
to early this morning.